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MIRAGE

A cabin, a cow and an apple-tree—
These three things petition me;
Neighborly close, and mine, all mine:
The cabin covered with eglantine,
Cow dark red with white spots over,
Up to her knees in honey clover;
Apple-tree with a bird's nest in,
Made where the sunlight faeries spin
Silks for shade and cover.

I hear them trilling—the birds—

“Oh, yes—

You hear the cries of the street in stress,
And a saffron guard with a traffic star
Clutches and holds you where you are,
Or you would be in a pretty mess
Under a motor-car!”

Thus my tiresome old sub-self,
Tumbling down from her closet shelf,
Packing her fardel of things forgot
Saving me whether I will or not:

“It is wiser to dream all snug in bed,
Bed-posts standing foot and head,
Roof-tree hiding the still white cry
Of a midnight moon that is going by,
Warding away the eerie spell

Eufina C. Tompkins

From the windows close where the dreamers lie;
While the velvet tread
Of the Dark comes soft to the mimic dead,
And sweet as a sigh of Israfel."

But what can one do if the visions snare
In the market-place when the world is there?
What can one do to save her soul
When without summons the films unroll?

*Cabin covered with eglantine,
Cherry red of the milken kine,
An apple-tree, and in its crest
A robin's song and a robin's nest*

Eufina C. Tompkins

THE DAILY ROUND

A smooth, worn circle
On the stone floor of his cage
Told how that little park bear had missed
His ancient heritage.

Just then, in a corner,
He lolled, resigned to flies
O circle, O cage, O pestering swarm
Of trivialities!

Allan Updegraff